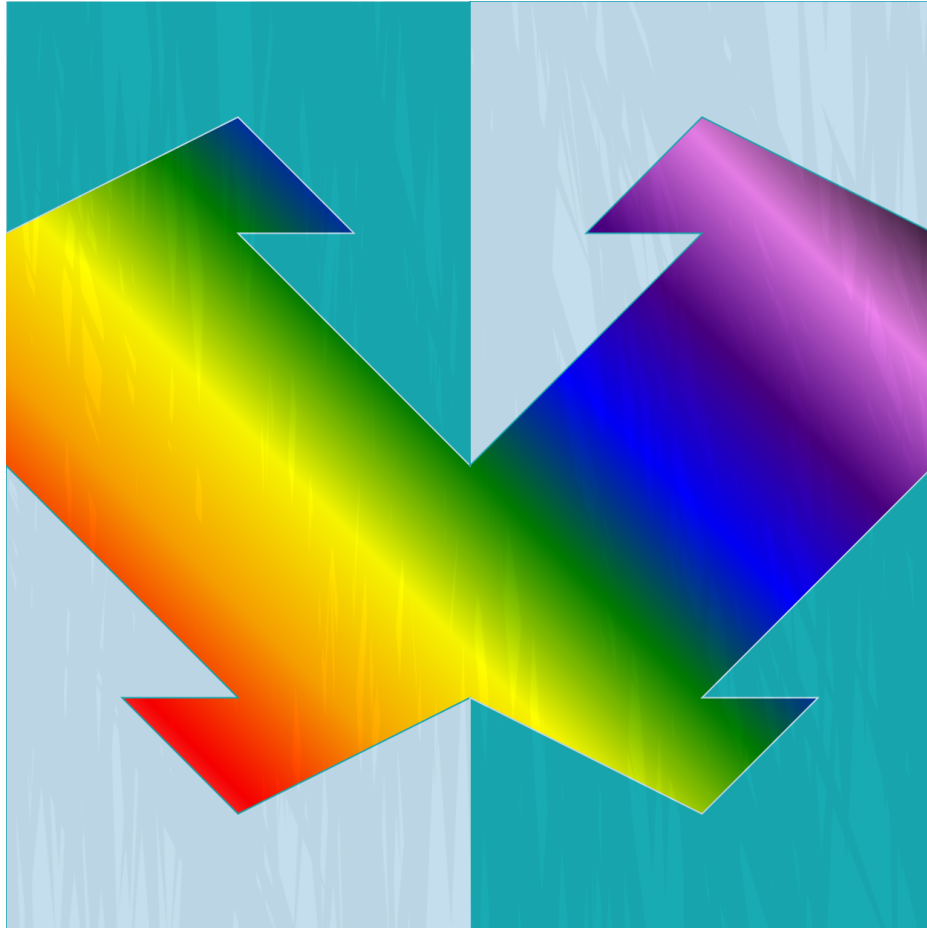


An Unexpected Trip



By Teradyne Ezeri
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“Zero Interface now offline. Switching to housing mode.”

TeraDyne yawned a bit as she emerged from the cockpit of her aeroshuttle, happy to have a bit of a vacation away from everyone. No one around to look in on her, or to chat away with in person or on a computer. Just some nature and relaxation on her own.

As she entered the cabin section, she turned toward the bathroom and entered the secluded spot, tapping a panel with a hoof to give the wall a one-way transparency so that she could look outside. The sun was beaming down with an orange glow, the blueish purple leaves of the Algosi trees surrounding her ship making patterns in the light, and against the crystal basin of her bathtub.

On her way, she'd set the autopilot mode and changed into one of her transformational suits. The one she'd made of her Equestrian self, in fact. A meter tall equine with squeaky hooves and body, colored a soft blue-and white-white like icy snow, and a mane and tail made of icy blue and white stripes that looked rather messy if you didn't notice they were practically inflatable.

Just the feeling of the rubber would normally make her rather aroused. At least, if she had her shaft in such a state. Her groin was smooth and solid, though sensitive to the touch. She didn't even have her feminine opening or mounds.

With a sigh of relief, she relaxed in the empty tub, uttering a few words as her back leaned against the wall of the basin. “Zip up legs.”

She felt her legs curl up as flaps of rubber formed around them, pulling them taught against her lower body. Those legs soon disappeared into what at first appeared to be pouches, and her tail simply disappearing outright. It was then that the *legs* began to slosh, becoming massive testicles tucked into a latex sheath. That sheath crawled up along her lower body, forming into an actual cocksheath around her flank, where the Pulse-A mark on her hips turned into a pattern along the rim.

A drool of precum was already dripping from the corners of her maw as she rubbed along the interior of the base of what was once her lower torso, and it felt quite wonderful. “Body in natural shaft state.” She said, the lubricating liquid dripping as globs onto the floor of the tub beneath her as she spoke.

Her body began to stiffen along her midsection, lengthening her body in the process. And just below where her stomach would be, a large knot began to form, bigger and longer than a canine's, yet much more gentle on the curves. She ran her hooves along the surface, sending a shiver down what would normally be her spine as the sensitive flesh tingled beneath her touch.

She hadn't planned on letting herself get so worked up, but just the thoughts running through her head were enough to make it harder to move. Thoughts of being used by some ferals out in the forest to get themselves off, or as a nice *treat* for some hapless passer-by to sample from. It made her shudder in pure bliss, and another glob of precum drained onto her erect body, coating her rather thoroughly in the process.

“Oh gods... Fuck it. Zip up arms, tip state, special tune.”

The latex around her body slowly began to pull her forelimbs against her body, melding them into her shaft-like trunk. Her head was forced upward as well, with the same rubber forming into a hood that enveloped her entire cranium, leaving her with an open pointed tip as opposed to one of an equine. An almost gryphon-like cock, in fact.

She slid down into the tub, immobilized from the transformation, though still able to see and hear, and more importantly talk. She'd need it if she had to transform back suddenly.

More thoughts of being suddenly sunken into the snatch of some needy wild animal began to fill her mind. So much so that she didn't notice the sound of her shuttle's outer door opening. Even the heavy footsteps of something entering the cabin didn't seem to register.

In the doorway, one of the resident wild gryphons had actually managed to enter the writer's home-away-from-home. She had golden plumage and silvery fur, with a black eagle's beak and head, and a lion's lower half, standing only about as tall as a humanoid, despite being on all fours. Her golden eyes were alive with a spark of flame, and she looked around with deep curiosity.

That was when the beast noticed the disembodied shaft laying in the bath, fluids leaking from the tip. She approached slowly, touching the distracted cock with a talon. When Tera didn't move, the gryphon became even more curious, pulling the cock's cock upright toward herself.

Then, a glimmer of understanding seemed to sweep over the beast. She pulled herself into the tub, straddling Tera's length with her hind legs before pulling herself forward just enough to slip the shaft's tip into her body.

The cloacal folds engulfed the cockified pony, causing Tera to snap to attention. But that little shock made her realize what was going on just a little too late. She mentally moaned as the inner walls of her dominant feral friend began to massage and constrict around her girth, taking her deeper inside a little at a time.

A massive orb of preseed spilled out of the equine's maw, splattering along the interior of her partner and making it much easier to get herself even deeper. As deep as possible. Being as big as she was in her shaft suit state, the felavian wasn't likely to hilt her, at least. And yet, in the back of her mind, she half-wished her new friend would knot her inside herself and *accidentally* take her on a bit of an adventure.

The scent of Tera's own arousal was beginning to get to the creature, who began to move herself along the cock-pony's trunk a little at a time. Back and forth, up and down. The shaft was satisfying an instinctual need, and that's all she cared about as she cooed and sang songs of bliss.

Fortunately for her, Tera was already too pent up to hold back for her typical build-up. The poor shafthorse pulsed and moaned within the bird-cat, before being silenced by the flow of seed into her partner's body. Stream upon stream, the sticky

white seed poured into the gryphon, making them bloat slightly just from the sheer volume.

Then, as the gryphon began to pull away early, she slipped, shoving Tera deep into herself. The knot slipped through the folds, and in one simple fall, the bird was hilted against the edge of the pony's sheath.

After getting her bearings, the beast stood up, and with her, Tera was pulled along, balls hanging beneath the poor creature as she climbed out of the bath, walking bow-legged from the massive cock locked within herself. She was soon running out of the shuttle, dragging the poor pony along whether she wanted it or not.

And in the case of the pony, she *did* want it. Good thing Gryphons were considered *sentient-enough*...